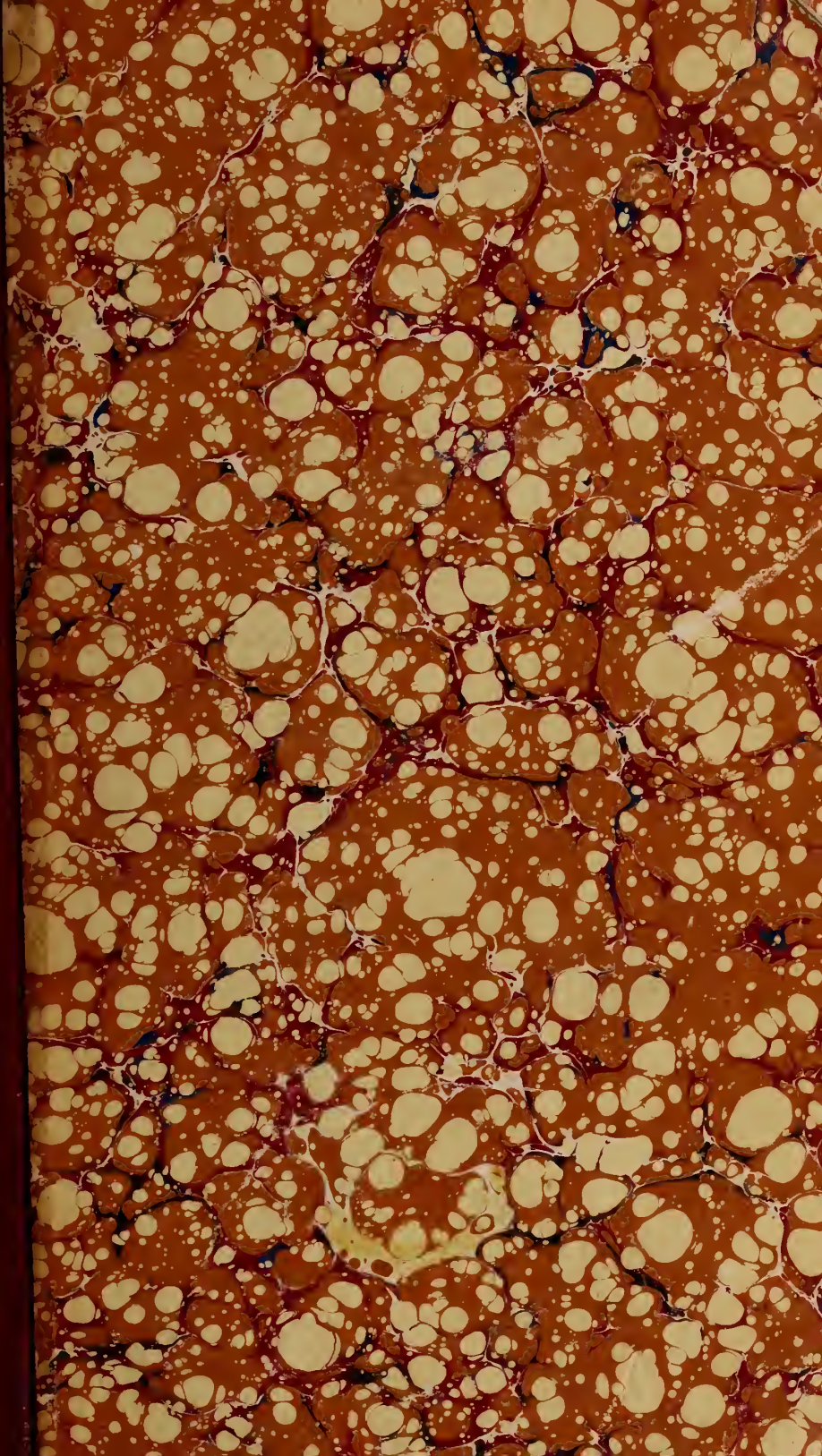

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PAGE

ADVANCE 187

AFRICA—Missionaries in 195
Letters from 66, 209
Paragraphs on 2, 32, 173
Notes on 2, 169, 173, 193, 194
Visiting the Dwarfs 195
Thirsty Women and Girls 196
Every Day Life 200
Interested Tribes 202
Experiences with Sick and Well 203
A Warning and an Example 204
Medical Needs 205
Drumming up Pupils 206
Hopeful News from Elat 207

AN EXAMPLE OF FAITHFULNESS 92

ANGELS' TALK 177

ANNUAL MEETINGS 135, 138, 139, 140, 141, 164, 165

BAHAISM, Review 21
Note on 50

BOOKS received 184
Noticed 98, 112

BOOK REVIEWS—A Rainbow in the Rain 21
Bahaism 21
Notable Women of Modern China 22
Life of Dr. J. R. Miller 64
New Thrills in Old China 116, 180
The King's Business 179
Suggestions to Leaders 180
The Modern Call of Missions 182
Human Progress through Missions 182
A Muslim Sir Galahad 182
Inside Views of Mission Life 183
World Work of Presbyterian Church in the United States 184
Three Men on a Chinese Houseboat 184
Thinking Black 228

CENTRAL COMMITTEE'S FOREIGN MISSIONS DAY AT GENERAL ASSEMBLY 155

CHANGES IN THE MISSIONARY FORCE 21, 44, 64, 93, 112, 134, 163, 188, 208, 230, 250, 284

CHINA—Missionaries in 3
Letters from 66, 89, 113, 136, 160, 281
Paragraphs on 3, 12, 60, 178, 184, 194, 218, 229, 230, 242
Notes on 1, 2, 26, 121, 122, 145, 146, 169, 266
Religious Significance of the Chinese Revolution 4
Through Suffering to Peace 6
Pity the Blind 7
Fate of the Blind Girl in China 8
A World Wide Parish 10
Dedication Day 12
Steps Forward in Hainan 13
Paotingfu Patients 13
"Refugeeing" 14
Institute for the Deaf and Dumb 16
From What Base Uses 64
At the Language School of Nanking University 83
How Dr. Latimer Helped 130
At Nanking University 134
Those Poor Little Boys 154

CHINA CAMPAIGN, Some Reasons for 15

CHINA CAMPAIGN 19, 92, 161

CHINESE IN THE UNITED STATES—
The Ministry of the Chinese Mission Home 132
The Orient in the Occident 123
Are the Chinese Grateful? 126
An Outcrop of Christianity 127
A Last Message 128

CHRISTIANITY AND THE DEFEATED TURKS 159

COLORADO SYNODICAL SOCIETY 143

CONFERENCES 69, 97, 116, 121, 174, 237, 261

CO-OPERATION IN MISSIONARY EDUCATION 163

DEVOTIONAL IN OUR MEETINGS, THE 235

DOES IT PAY? 142

EDITORIAL NOTES—Furloughed Missionaries 25
Americans in Manila 25
Noon Meetings at 156 26
The Moslem Propaganda 26
Moving 49
Recognition of the Drama 49
The Turkish Empire 50
Statistics of Missionary Progress 73
Financial Administration of WOMAN'S WORK 97

PAGE

The Woman's Evangel 121
Giving Credit on Quoted Paragraphs 122
The World in Chicago 122
Central Committee 145
Total gifts from Women's Boards 145
The Spirit of Missions 145
A Devoted Giver 145
Silliman Truth 146
Orders for Literature 169
Mission to Lepers 146, 170
Progress 193
Kennedy School of Missions 193
Bible Society 193, 266
Canadian Women 194
New Recruits 241
"Adopted" Missionary 241
Buddha's Birthday 242
Missionary Review of the World 242
Judson Commemoration 265
United Missionary Campaign 266

EDITOR'S LETTER "To Our Missionaries" 11

EVERYLAND 20, 26, 265

GUATEMALA, Missionaries in 243
Paragraphs on 258
Notes on 50, 218, 241
Back in the Harness 255

ILLUSTRATIONS:

Africa: Young Negroes at Livingstone's Grave in Westminster Abbey, 55; Livingstone's Last Journey, 56; African School-girls, 197; Christian Headman, 201; Giving Surgical Treatment, 205; Zamo Ntem, 207. *China:* Dr. Merwin with Evangelists and Nurses, 6; Girls' School at Lienchou, 8; Mrs. James B. Cochran, 9; Hospital and Compound at Tengchou, 12; Red Cross Workers, Students and Nurses, Peking, 14; The Little Church on the Mountain, 128; Dr. Nan Latimer, 130; Leaning Pagoda at Soochow, 158; Miss C. Hawes and Helpers, 181; Language School Relaxing from the Study of Chinese, 134. *India:* Dr. Ewing and Dr. Lucas, 17; Delhi, India's New Capital, 77; Three Stages in the Life of an Indian Widow, 78, 79; Tent Under the Thorn-Tree, 85; Christian Young Men of Kennedy Hall, 87; Texts on Allahabad Church, 87; Laxmibai and Her Daughter, 152; Allahabad Wedding Parties, 174; Mrs. A. L Wiley, 252. *Korea:* Pinsie and Her Old Mother, 30; First Ward of Fusan Hospital, 31; Workers' Class, Pyeng Yang, 33; Watermark Bridge at Seoul, 37; Street Vender with Load of Crocks, 38; The Woman's Daily Task, 40; A Fashionable Lady in Korea, 183. *Japan:* Mrs. T. C. Winn, 34; New Chapel at Port Arthur, 53; Science and Sewing Rooms at Hokusei Jo Gakko, 61; The Samisen, 63. *Mexico:* Glimpses of Revolution, Street Scene, 248; U. S. Embassy During Bombardment, 249; Tower of Police Station, 249. *Persia:* Mrs. Wilson and Miss Grove with Lepers, 272; Tomb of Esther and Mordecai, 268; Arpadara, the Leper Village, 272. *Philippines:* Bradford Memorial Chapel, 220, Manila During the Rainy Season, 223; Penitentes, 224, 225; Ellinwood School for Girls, 226. *Siam and Laos:* At Mission Meeting, 102; Kru Soon See with His Family, 104; Yaw Women, 108; Group of Miaos, 108; New Church at Sritamarat, 110; Lao Girl, 111; King Maharijivawndh, 112. *South America:* Volcan Tronador, 245; Street in Valparaiso, 246; Four Young Men Impersonating Famous Characters, 255. *Syria:* Group of Patients at Lebanon Sanatorium, 276; Mrs. Nicol and Her Moslem Boys, 280; An Arab Salutation, 279. *United States:* Kindergarten Pupils in Mott Street, New York, 123; Mrs. E. A. Sturge and Japanese Ladies, 126; Glimpse of Chinatown, San Francisco, 133; Miss Margaret E. Hodge, 147; Mrs. John Balcom Shaw, 148; Mrs. C. R. Hopkins, 149; Mrs. H. B Pinney, 150; Mrs. S. D. Luckett, 159; Outgoing Women Missionaries, June, 1913, 171; Mrs. Henry R. Elliot, 199.

INDIA—Missionaries in 75
Letters from 89, 113, 136, 185, 233
Paragraphs on 80, 87, 101, 207
Notes on 2, 26, 50, 74, 146, 193, 217
How Dr. Ewing Worked, Died and was Honored 17
Wireless S. O. S. of India's Women 75
By the Wayside and in the Home 78
Between Stations 80
Indian Highways for the Gospel 81
Dining Out at Sarawan 84
Unreached Classes in India 86
Teaching at Lahore 86

PAGE

Joy Days in the Villages 88
Nursing Department of Miraj Hospital 105
School and Village Work 129
Life Story of Laxmihai 151
What the Intellect of India Reads 172
New Building at Jagraon 199

INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF MISSIONS 261

ITEMS OF THE SUMMER SCHEDULE 142

JAPAN—Missionaries in 51
Letters from 18, 66, 93, 113, 209, 233, 281
Paragraph on 64
Notes on 26, 49, 73, 146, 194
Mrs. Winn of the Japan Mission 34
A Gentle Lady 35
What Japanese Christian Women are Doing in Korea 51
The New Chapel at Port Arthur 53
Hokkaido Work and Workers 59
Y. W. C. A. in Japan 61
Imperial Funeral 63
Japanese in the United States 121

KOREA—Missionaries in 27
Letters from 18, 41, 113, 185
Paragraphs on 40, 109, 173, 206
Notes on 121, 169, 173, 218
Tribulation in Korea 27
Giving and Getting Joy 30
Korean General Assembly 32
Systematic Seed Sowing 33
A Post Wedding Journey 37
A Gleam of Christmas Joy for Anxious Hearts 40

LAOS—Missionaries in 99
Notes on 97, 98, 146
Letter from 281
Customs and Superstitions in Nan Province 99
Education in Laos 101
Chinese in Laos and Laos in China 106
Accessions in the North Laos Mission 107

LIVINGSTONE, Note 26
Doctor David 54

METHODS WHICH BRING RESULTS 67

MEXICO—Missionaries in 243
Letter from 66
Notes on 73, 170, 217, 242
Work Goes on in Mexico 153
With the Boys in Mexico 153
In Time of Storm and Stress 247
Revolution Seen from the Housetop 248
Silver Linings 253

MINISTER AND WOMEN'S SOCIETIES IN CO-OPERATION, THE 115

MISSIONARY CANDIDATES AT WORK 251

MISSIONARY EDUCATION LITERATURE 232

MISSIONARIES, LETTER TO 11

MISSIONARY AND WORK FOR WOMEN, THE 244, 273

MYSTERY OF THE SPIRIT'S POWER 158

NORTHFIELD 68

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS 22, 45, 69, 93, 143, 166, 189, 213, 237, 261, 286

NOTICES 62, 68, 92, 117, 284, 285

OBITUARY NOTES AND ARTICLES—Necrology of 1912 1
Mrs. James B. Cochran 9
Mrs. J. P. E. Kumler 21
Mrs. Henry Forman 25
Mrs. S. A. Moffett 25
Mrs. J. M. W. Farnham 73
Dr. A. H. Ewing 74
Rev. H. B. Pratt 74
Dr. Nan M. Latimer 98
Mrs. W. H. Clark 98
William Borden 121
Miss Isabelle Teete 122, 157
Dr. F. J. Hall 145
Mr. L. H. Severance 170
Mrs. L. J. Beebe 170
Mrs. T. C. Winn 194
Mrs. A. L. Wiley 193, 252
Miss M. J. Morrow 265

ONE YEAR'S STEWARDSHIP 212, 235, 265

OPENING THE LETTERS 67

ORGAN OFFERED 229

OVER SEA AND LAND 19, 68, 93, 142, 189, 213, 261, 284

OUR EDITOR 199

OUR SUCCESSORS AND OUR OPPORTUNITIES 20

PERSIA—Missionaries in 267
Letters from 89, 113, 160
Paragraphs on 39, 231, 277
Notes on 2, 50
Happenings at Hamadan 39
Grateful Remembrance 62
Memories of Pioneer Days 267
Some Wise Men of the East 268
School Life in Persia 269
A Living Epistle 280
Without the Camp 272

PERSONAL NOTES—2, 25, 26, 49, 50, 73, 74, 98, 104, 122, 145, 146, 159, 170, 194, 217, 218, 241, 242, 265, 266

PHILIPPINES—Missionaries in 219
Paragraphs on 225, 231
Notes on 74, 217
The Year's Doings in the Philippine Mission 219
Entrance of the Word at Laguna 222
Holy Week in Manila 224
Cheerful Workers on Luzon 226
A Humming Hive at Dumaguete 231
Chinese Call for Prayer in the Philippines 232

PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS 147

PUBLIC ACKNOWLEDGMENT 36

PUBLICITY—WHY? 91

SIAM—Missionaries in 99
Letters from 41, 209, 233, 259
Paragraph on 125
The Land of the White Elephant 103
Making Calls 108
New Church at Sritamarat 110
Royal and Other Folk 111

SOCIAL SIDE OF MISSION STUDY, THE 260

S. O. F. M., THE 211

SOUTH AMERICA—Missionaries in 243
Letters from 18, 160, 185, 233, 259
Paragraph on 249
Illustrative Incidents 256

SUMMER SCHOOLS 91, 188, 189, 212, 236

SYRIA—Missionaries in 267
Letters from 41, 136
Paragraphs on 32, 159, 272, 277, 278
Note on 2
Twenty-four Invitations to What? 131
War and White Plague in Syria 296
Women's Share in Syria 278
Voice of the Third Generation 279
Mrs. Nicol's Home Letters 280

THINGS HEARD AND SEEN AT ATLANTA 156
Torrance, Mrs. A. A., letter from 44

TOUCH OF A VANISHED HAND, THE 60

TREASURER'S REPORTS 24, 48, 72, 96, 120, 144, 168, 192, 216, 240, 264, 288

UNITED DAY OF PRAYER 19

UNITED REPORT OF WOMEN'S BOARDS 212

UNITED STUDY OF MISSIONS: Committee 21
China's New Day 19, 43
The King's Business 92, 211, 235, 260, 283

VERSE—In Remembrance 37
Livingstone 58
Resurrection 75
The Conquerors 81
Their Request 99
Open Gates 125
The King's Highway 152
A Cry as of Pain (with music) 176
Let Down Your Nets 198
Less or More? 221
The Magi and the Star iv
His Birthday iv

WE TOOK SWEET COUNSEL TOGETHER 187

WHY ONE WIFE? 45

WHO'S WHO IN NOVEMBER NUMBER 243

WITH PRESBYTERIAN YOUNG PEOPLE—On the Wing, 42; Programmes for C. E. Meetings, 42; Westminster Guild, 65, 90, 137, 234, 282; Student Work, 65, 137, 282; Progressive Missionary Tea, 114; Missionary Dramatics, 114, 137; Wellesley Volunteers, 114; Raising Money, 114; Y. W. C. A. Conference, 137; The Student and Her Church, 186; How we Help Our Missionaries, 186; Work in "We Do" City, 210; Young Women's Camp at Boulder, Col., 210; A Good Idea, 234; Missionary Exchange, 234; The Meaning of Christmas, 257; A Remarkable Advertisement, 258; The Ballad of the Saint, 282.

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WOMAN'S WORK

A Foreign Missions Magazine

Published by the Women's Boards of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church. Mrs. Henry R. Elliot, Editor

Vol. XXVIII. APRIL, 1913 No. 4.

The following interesting comparative figures were taken from the annual statistics of the Protestant foreign missionary societies of the world, published by *The Missionary Review of the World:*

	1911	1912
Home income of foreign missionary societies .	$25,297,074	$30,404,401
Income from the Fields	5,519,174	7,902,256
Total number of Protestant missionaries on the field	22,058	24,092
Total number of native workers . . .	88,309	111,982
Number of communicants	2,304,318	2,644,170
Total adherents, including communicants .	4,875,454	6,055,425
Added during year, adults and children (incomplete)	152,216	212,635

Amidst all the disturbance in Mexico no harm has happened to any of our missionaries there. As in Persia, in Korea, China and elsewhere, the ambassadors of the Prince of Peace take no part in strife and ally themselves with no party, but content themselves with preaching the Gospel and doing the works of Him whose they are and whom they serve.

In the death on February 22, of heart disease, of Mrs. Farnham, wife of Rev. J. M. W. Farnham, D.D., of Shanghai, China, the Board loses the woman missionary of longest service in that country. Dr. and Mrs. Farnham went out in 1859 and have been in active service for fifty-four years.

Most interesting are Miss Riker's accounts of the farewells when she left Japan for her furlough. They show typical Japanese politeness and appreciation.

"My busy path was strewn with red and gold strings. I received *furoshiki* (cloth to wrap up packages) of every size, color and pattern—enough to wrap up all this little country and carry it home with me. I had a ring on my finger, with the thanks of the Uji Yamada City engraved within. The city fathers also added a silk-bordered traveler's rug and a *fukusa* (small wrapper cloth), of the double sort, with red tassels on the corners, that they use on ceremonial occasions. Another very oriental fact is that there are three pearls in my pocket, one from a friend and two from the third and fourth year classes at the commercial school. Between 150 and 200 people assembled at the station to see me off. The schoolboys were lined up outside the fence; the teachers having two *sen* each came inside; the orphanage master and some sample orphans got through the gate; four postoffice men, a priest's daughter, a priest's wife, the Christian wife from a *geisha* house, the vice-mayor in white flannels presenting 'his honor's regrets and apology for being ill and not being able to come,'—all were present. Well, it is all over, and I am glad that even the least of all the missionaries could have so many friends in one heathen city."

In a remote mountain village in Japan Dr. and Mrs. Worley showed in the schoolhouse moving pictures of the life of Christ. A man from another village bought ten Testaments to take home, there had never been any preaching in his village and he wanted these for his friends. He studied all he could and soon wrote that he wanted to be

baptized right away; if the minister could not come to him he would go to Matsuyama for the purpose.

In December Mr. Eskridge wrote from Silliman Institute at Dumaguete: "At our recent Communion service forty-six converts took upon themselves the name of the Master. Of this number forty-one were from our students."

India's climate does not sap the energy of our new missionaries. One of these, Mrs. Mark Eldredge of Allahabad, tells briefly what she is doing in her second year of service: "I have passed the first year language examinations and am now taking the second year's work; have been teaching a college class in Indian history, a teachers' normal class in gymnastics, English in two zenanas, a gymnasium class in the Boys' High School, and another in the Y. W. C. A. In the non-Christian Sunday-school I have a large class of young men, nearly all of them Mohammedans, and in the Christian Sunday-school a class of little girls, whom I teach in Urdu."

"For more than half an hour they passed in unbroken line before his bier. Business men, students, neighbors, acquaintances, missionaries, teachers, artisans, bearers, sweepers, Hindu, Mohammedan and Christian—all, forgetting position and caste, came to pay a last tribute. The man they honored had been the servant of the lowest of them all, and the evidence of their sincere love for him deeply touched the hearts of all who saw." This is the way in which an Indian paper speaks of those who came to take a last look at the face of Arthur H. Ewing.

The second missionary ever sent by our Board to South America, and the first to Colombia, the Rev. Henry B. Pratt, passed away on December eleventh, at his home in Hackensack, N. J. Mr. Pratt went out in 1856; after twenty-one years of service he was obliged to return to this country, where he continued his work among Spanish-speaking peoples, until advancing years compelled him to lay it down.

Known to exist in India, 110,000 lepers. Doubtless the number of these unfortunates is far larger, as it is very usual that friends conceal their sad trouble as long as possible. No woman who heard Mr. Higginbottom, when he was in the United States, tell of their condition, and of his experiences among them, will ever forget in her prayers the lepers and those who are trying to help them.

One of our missionaries tells of spending a month in touring the villages within ten miles of Kodoli, where the Good News was proclaimed in the town and in the quarters of the lower castes, or "untouchables," as they are called. Magic lantern pictures were shown; in one village a man said, "Come three or four times a year and show us these pictures. You come only once and we forget." In another place a village officer, after hearing of the contrast between the holy Christ and the wicked Krishna, said, "Yes, all you say is true; but we like our Krishna." "Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil."

The United States Department of the Interior has just issued a neat pamphlet entitled *Philippine Habitations.* The work contains a large number of plans for private dwellings built along sanitary lines. The buildings are of all prices and will suit the pockets of anyone who is planning to build. In every way possible along temporal lines our Government is helping the Filipinos to grow up into modern civilization. In the devastating typhoon which swept over the island parish of Cebu in December, literally thousands of the unsubstantial native homes were completely destroyed.

In 1901 the Christians in the Punjab numbered 37,000. They are now carefully estimated at 165,000—a gain of 446 per cent.

Our Missionaries in India——AND POST OFFICE ADDRESSES.

Mrs. J. C. R. Ewing, Lahore, Punjab.
Mrs. D. J. Fleming, " "
Mrs. H. D. Griswold, " "
Mrs. E. D. Lucas, " "
Miss Margaret MacDonald, " "
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RESURRECTION

Not only on that resurrection morn,
When thou shalt hear His voice—
This Eastertide thy soul may be reborn,
He saith, Arise! Rejoice!

Jessie Andrews.

The General Assembly, in May, 1912, met shortly after the loss of the *Titanic,* when all hearts were oppressed by that solemn tragedy. On the day assigned to the women's meeting in the interest of foreign missions Miss Jefferson, lately returned from India and garbed as a Hindu woman, made the plea for India's women which we give our readers this month. —Editor.

The Wireless "S. O. S." of India's Women

Many weary miles have I travelled to be present to-day that I might plead for my own, my beloved land—*India.* Since coming to America I have been asked which country I think presents the *greatest need* for *immediate help.* Now, while I do not wish to weaken but to strengthen the call for immediate help to be sent to China, to Korea and to Africa, yet I want the words of my aged Hindu sister to burn into your hearts. A few months ago when she was listening for the first time to the invitation of our Saviour as given by the missionary in a remote village, she pathetically cried out, "Go away! You are talking rubbish. *All these years* have we heard of our gods, but *only now* have we begun to hear of Jesus Christ!"

Can you wonder that after all these years she was deceived into thinking that the mighty, though doomed *Titanic* of Hinduism was safer than the little lifeboat in the dark waters?

Not to-day only but for ages past has the condition of my sisters in India presented the greatest claim for immediate help. In no other country in the world are women treated as they are in my country. No other country is bound by a law that every

little girl must be married before twelve years of age. Let me quote from the sacred law of my people: "If a daughter is married at the age of six the father is certain to ascend to the highest heaven. If a daughter is not married until the age of ten the father can only attain to the lowest place assigned the blest. If a girl is not married before twelve years of age, both the giver and the taker shall fall into the abyss of hell and the father, grandfather and great-grandfather shall be born again insects in the filth of the earth."

In no other country are there so many child-wives, child-mothers and child-widows!

In no other country are widows of all ages treated with so pointed a climax of cruelty as the Hindu religion requires. A widow, being forbidden to marry again, is an outcast of the most unprotected type. She is accursed and solitary, a target for every malicious woman and the pursuit of every licentious man. One of my sisters who is to-day suffering these indignities truly says, "The English have abolished *suti*, but neither the English nor the angels know what goes on in our homes, and the Hindus not only do not care, but think it good!" No wonder my widowed Hindu sister prayed, "O God, let no more *women* be born in this land!"

The twenty-six millions of widows, one hundred thousand of whom are under nine and fourteen thousand of whom are under four years of age send their pitiful, moaning, wireless S. O. S. across the waters to *you* for immediate help.

In no other country in the world are there so many young girls given in marriage in the name of religion to the temple gods. This is what my brother Mozumda calls "consecrated prostitution." Our small girls are taken into the inner shrine of the temple. The little hand is placed in the god's hand, and the priest, putting a string of cowrie shells about the child's neck, repeats certain prayers and charms. Then the poor little things repeat their marriage vow, which is to prostitute themselves to any pilgrim to the shrine who may demand it. They, being married to a god, can never be widowed, and their touch is lucky. In elegant attire, with costly jewels and perfume, they lead a wretched life but bring vast sums of money into the treasury of the temple. Women of America, are not your hearts tuned to-day to catch the plaintive "S. O. S." of the thousands of temple girls of India?

All that I am I owe to the Gospel of Christ as revealed in the Bible and taught me by the missionaries. My story is a repetition of thousands of others. In brief let me tell you, I was the first child born to my Brahman parents. My father was so angry because my mother had borne a daughter instead of a son that he abused her cruelly, saying she had disgraced him and was cursed of the gods. In two years, however, there was rejoicing in our home over the birth of a son, and my father spoke kind words to my mother. When nearly six years of age I was married to the man my father had chosen for me. I had never seen him, and during the marriage ceremony I scarcely dared look at him. Until I was eleven years of age I remained with my mother to learn the duties of a Hindu wife. I was taught to cook and to wait on my husband while he ate. I was taught that a woman has no soul apart from her husband and that her ear is not pure enough to hear what the vilest man may read from the Vedas. From the Hindu scriptures I learned, "Let the wife who wishes to perform sacred oblations wash the feet of her husband and drink the water, for the husband is to the wife greater than Vishnu."

I was also taught that the greatest punishment the gods could inflict was to make a wife a widow, for that means

torment here and ages upon ages of increasing anguish, changing from one hideous animal to another. Young as I was, the thought of being a widow would at times fill me with terror.

My husband was thirty years old and I a child of eleven when he came and took me to his home. My mother-in-law received me only as a slave to do her bidding. It was the beginning of a weary life of months, only brightened by the kindness of my husband, who would often shield me from the cruel treatment of his mother and the other women of the zenana. When I was thirteen years of age my son was born and a new joy and love came into my heart. My husband praised me, saying I should no longer have to be as a slave in the house. It was for me a happy year that followed. But this one happy year soon closed in great sorrow, for one morning at the close of the famine, when the cholera was raging, my husband was stricken with the disease and at night he died. I was stunned with grief. The women of the household rushed upon me, tore off my ornaments and my pretty *sari* and shaved my head, cursing me all the while as a widow whose sins in a former birth had now killed her husband. A disgraced out-caste I was sent back with my child to my father's house. But he would not look upon me, saying I had disgraced him, that he had spent hundreds of rupees on my marriage feast and in less than three years I was a widow! Not one of my relatives, not even my mother, would dare to come to see me for fear the gods would curse them. I was put into a little low bamboo hut with an old widow to see that I fasted and prayed as a widow should do.

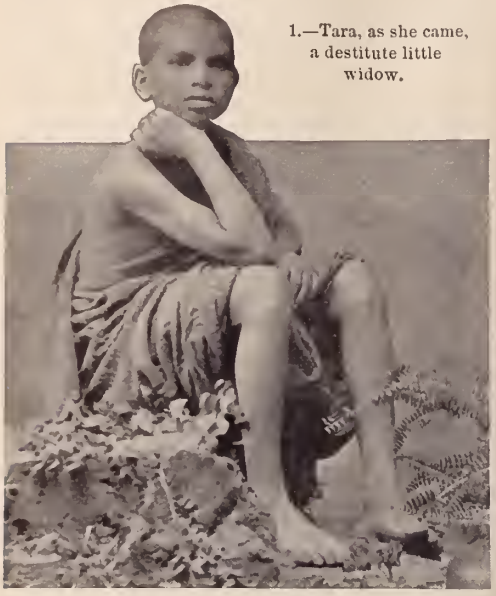
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF DELHI, THE NEW CAPITAL OF INDIA Sent by Mrs. Borup

I will pass over the anguish and loneliness of those days until one afternoon a strange lady with a Hindu sister came to the door of my hut and told me the wondrous story of our Saviour Jesus Christ. She assured me there was a place of peace, of hope, of love in the Saviour's heart for me. Her kind words were like water to one perishing of thirst. She told me of a home for widows under her care, and as I desired to go with her she kindly arranged for my escape. The rest is easily told. Home, friends, protection, liberty, love, Christian education and all that you hold dear in this land was mine in that Mission Home. So that to-day I have the privilege of standing before you in the power of the Gospel to plead that the one hundred and forty millions of India's women present the superlative need of your immediate help.

There is not time to show from the political and social unrest which is general throughout my country that India is truly awakening and that this is the decisive hour for missions in Hindustan. India is changing and *my changing India* needs *your changeless Christ.*

To-day I appeal to the most favored women in the world for effectual and speedy help for the most oppressed women in the world. You have done much in the past. You have rescued many and we thank you heartily, but

your life-boats are not yet sufficient. Thousands, yea, millions are perishing and there is no investigation being made by the Senate or by the British Parliament. But listen! there is a message coming across the waters. What is it? It is the faint "S. O. S." of your dying Christian sister in India, who for the first time heard of our Saviour's love on her death-bed, and as she breathed her last whispered, "Ask them if they cannot send the Gospel a *little* faster!"



1.—Tara, as she came, a destitute little widow.

THREE STAGES IN LIFE OF TARA, A HINDU WIDOW
Photos. loaned by Miss Jefferson, to whom they were given by Pandita Ramabai.

"O women of the West that hear not,
O women dwelling in the blessed light,
O women of the West that fear not
The darkness deepening into endless night.

"O women dowered with wealth of love and power,
'Tis thus we call you—'tis no fancied need.
By lives that perish—hundreds every hour—
In the name of Him who died, send help with speed!"

Amanda M. Jefferson.

RATNAGIRI.

By the Wayside and in the Home

WE have been out in the most remote corners of our district for four delightful weeks, full of interest and encouragement, in spite of many discouragements. I shall mention the encouragements first. Amongst all the Christians visited, many of them often in great isolation amidst hostile neighbors, not one had gone back on what he or she had professed. Oh, how hard it must be to keep faithful to the unseen God, when all around are those who are bowing down to visible gods of wood and stone! Oh, hard it must be to go against public sentiment, just as hard as in America, perhaps harder!

Another encouragement has been the splendid reception I have met with amongst the Hindus and Muhammedans. In the last camp I was invited to the Muhammedan quarter. A sweet, refined-looking old lady came and sat quite close to me, listening so intently. The rest of the women treated her with great respect and later I learned the

2.—Tara with her comrades at *Sharada Sadan*, the "Home of Instruction," the name of the Home for Widows in Poona.

reason, she could repeat large portions of the Quran by heart (they called it "reading.") She took us to her own house and listened so nicely, asking questions about our belief, said she had never met any Christians before, but had heard of them. One song we sang about Christ the sinner's friend, seemed especially to lay hold of her and she had us sing it to her several times. When I rose to go, she said, "Why is it that my heart's best love goes out to you?" I said, "It must be because we have told you of Him who loves as no mortal can." Next morning before leaving I went to see her again, for my heart had been much stirred too and I charged her to meet me in the Father's home.

This morning I was speaking to a mixed audience of low-caste women down on the ground at my feet and Muhammedan women squatted up on the roof above my head. Comes this question: "Tell us some of the benefits that come from Christianity?" I told them of the little child at home who was building an Indian village with his blocks. When it was completed he called his father's attention to it, but the father said, "You must take out the church, the hospital, the asylum for the blind, the asylum for the lepers, the home for incurable children, the widow's home, the home for the aged, etc., then you will get an India village." The women said it was quite true, no village in India had ever any of these places.

Amongst our discouragements is the matter that so few of our people can read or have any desire to do so. We are trying to lay great emphasis on our young people learning to read the Word. Our little boarding-school for village Christian boys has been a great success in every way. It is wonderful how the little fellows improve in even one year, the expression on their faces and their whole appearance improves. Then from every village whence these boys come other boys are anxious to come and the parents to send them. We are earnestly hoping the Board is going to grant our request for funds to build a dormitory for such boys. After they have been under instruction with us for a year we will then have them attend the Government school for their secular education, while the religious education will be given by our Christian teacher. God grant the day may not be far distant when we can have a similar school for girls. So many parents will not send their girls away to the distant schools at Jagraon or Hoshyarpur. One of our boys, a little fellow aged nine, is married! His little wife, aged ten or eleven, a poor abused child, we had the pleasure to send off to be cared for by dear Mrs. Chatterjee at Hoshyarpur. She

3.—Tara as she leaves the school with her husband, an active Christian worker in Poona.

was bought for this boy for some sixty-six dollars. Now she is the property of her husband's people and I must write and explain to Mrs. Chatterjee that she must not ever let the child go off with her own father and mother. Why? Because they would in all probability sell her again to some one else.

The winter rains have completely failed, making the outlook for the winter crops very gloomy. But on the other hand a dry winter has meant hardly any plague, so either way it means suffering for the poor people. Before closing allow me to express my appreciation of WOMAN'S WORK, we should indeed miss it greatly. When it comes I hardly ever lay it down without reading it from cover to cover at one sitting.

(*Mrs. U. S. G.*) *Ellen A. Jones.*

CAMP RUPAR DISTRICT, PUNJAB.

Between Stations

THERE are many opportunities for the personal method of working. They often come when least expected. Coming from Miraj to Kolhapur, my only companion in the compartment was a Brahmin widow. An unmistakable air of pride, culture and refinement was about her. She had the holy *tulsi* plant in a small jar and her household gods tied in a parcel beside her. I wanted to talk to her, but feeling puzzled, I waited for a chance to touch her in just the right way. Suddenly she turned to me and asked, "Do you speak Marathi?" That started the most interestingly frank and sisterly talk I have ever had with any woman in India. She said that she and her four sons were the priests and teachers of the Maharaja. "We marry the kings and burn them. We perform their religious ceremonies of every sort and we are greatly respected. The king himself puts his head on our feet, seats us on a cushion and seats himself below us," she said quite simply. I told her that when I saw that she was a widow my heart went out in pity for her, and I asked her if she did not find her lot of widowhood a hard one. "Ah, yes," she said, and told me all about its hardships, the cruel customs of her people and how she hated them. She thought our customs, about which she asked, were right and fair; and upon being asked why then she held to her religion, whose customs she hated, and why she worshipped that plant which stood for all her misery, replied, "My forefathers did and I must. There is no other way. Besides all that a widow may do is in connection with religious ceremonies or religion, and I must have something to do, something to entertain me. That is why I have these gods and this plant. That is all that is left to me or to any widow. If we did not cut off our hair, cast off our jewelry, and put away pretty clothes, our lot would be made yet harder."

It was a joy to tell her that there is another way, that there is something else left her. She both listened and talked eagerly and at the end of the journey she said, "I thank you many times for this talk. I will remember what you have said. Let your love remain upon me and may it be that we meet again."

(*Miss*) *Clara L. Seiler.*

KOLHAPUR.

ONE branch of work in which I have become much interested is with Protestant Eurasian women, wives of railway employees residing near the station. A Y. W. C. A. worker came from a neighboring city and gathered the women together for a meeting and asked the ladies of our station to continue the work among them. We hold a monthly devotional meeting and a weekly Dorcas society. The women seem to enjoy these meetings; they have very few social and religious advantages. It is our aim to help them to a closer walk with their Lord and Master. I tried to draw in the Roman Catholic women of the same class, by first inviting them to a social tea at the bungalow, but without success, as the priest objects to their attending our meetings. *Lillian E. Wanless.*

MIRAJ.

THE CONQUERORS

I saw the conquerors riding by
With trampling feet of horse and men;
Empire on empire like the tide
Flooded the world and ebbed again;

A thousand banners caught the sun,
And cities smoked along the plain;
And laden with silk and gold
And heaped-up pillage groaned the wain.

I saw the conquerors riding by
Splashing through loathsome floods of war;
The Crescent leaning o'er its hosts,
And the barbaric scimitar;

And continents of moving spears,
And storms of arrows in the sky,
And all the instruments sought out
By cunning men that men may die!

I saw the conquerors riding by
With cruel lips and faces wan;
Musing on kingdoms sacked and burned
There rode the Mongol, Genghis Khan;

And Alexander, like a god,
Who sought to weld the world in one;
And Cæsar with his laurel-wreath;
And, leaping full of hell, the Hun;

And, leading like a star the van,
Heedless of upstretched arm and groan,
Inscrutable Napoleon went,
Dreaming of empire, and alone.

Then all they perished from the earth
As fleeting shadows from a glass,
And, conquering down the centuries,
Came Christ, the swordless, on an ass!

—*Harry Kemp*, in *The American Magazine.*

Indian Highways for the Gospel

European or American visitors are a rare event and a rare treat in Vengurle. A few have been inveigled into coming once, and a *very* few have come twice, announcing that in so doing they were giving us the extreme pledge of their friendship.

Last year when Miss Loveland of Kingston, Pennsylvania (who belongs to the presbytery which supports me), wired from S. India that she wanted to come to see us, we were rejoiced that we were not at Vengurle but at Annual Meeting, for at Lanouli, where the meeting was held, there was a railway station, which made it much more probable that she would be willing to come. So many friends planning visits to us had changed their plans after finding how much time must be given

to the trip and what difficulties would have to be encountered. So we spent a few days with Miss Loveland at Lanouli, and, when we said good-by, expected to meet next in America. But when Miss Loveland found that the John Gohcens were coming down to begin their study of Marathi she decided to come with them, and soon a party of six was made up.

From Kolhapur a railway journey of a night, with a change and long wait at midnight, brought them down into the heart of the Portuguese territory of Goa, to the beautiful strip where a tiny river becomes navigable. Here they, with the mountains of luggage (bedding, tiffin baskets, hat-boxes, primus stoves, etc.), with which people travel in India, found places on a small steam-launch, and though the fact was known that the wonderful tiffin basket, packed as only Miss Patton of Kolhapur can pack a tiffin basket, had disappeared, yet they all started off gaily with the prospect of meeting quite soon some of the rest of us and *another* basket at Old Goa. But alas, Miss Ferguson and I sat by the landing stage from noon to six P. M., considering ourselves rather abused.

Those poor travellers, however, had more cause to complain, stranded as they were in the broiling sun, with only a thin covering over their heads and with nothing to eat, only about a mile above the landing-stage in the shallow water. There they had to wait for the tide to come up and lift them off the sandbank. All our fine scheme of having a lovely picnic lunch at Old Goa and a whole afternoon to visit the famous old churches there, had to be given up. As soon as the launch arrived we jumped into waiting phaetons, took one hurried glance into the Cathedral of Bon Jesu, where the body of St. Francis Xavier lies, and hurried away to New Goa to catch our steamer for Vengurle. The less said about that sea-voyage of three hours the better. We were all prone, either on benches or on the deck. At midnight we went off in little boats at Vengurle, and a three-mile drive then brought us to our bungalow.

When our friends are leaving we usually suggest that they take the cargo-boat, which is steadier than the mail-boat and goes to Bombay twice a week. We wait at our home for the signal for this boat from one to five hours. If darkness descends as we wait and the signal cannot be distinguished, we hurriedly bundle our friends into a waiting *tonga* or bullock carriage, and go to the harbor, there to wait with a throng of passengers the appearance of a tiny light on the horizon. Then a cry, weird and shrill, goes up, "The boat has come, the boat has come." The two hundred miles to Bombay by sea are miles of misery to almost everyone, Mr. Hannum being a noted exception. He talks with the people, distributes tracts and Gospels, and is envied by us all.

Fortunately we may leave Vengurle in one other way. If it were not so slow it would be the most enjoyable. This is by bullock-carriage the seventy-eight miles to our nearest railway station, Belgaum. The road is a fine one, built by the English, and the scenery up the Ghats and out to the Deccan plateau is beautiful. Rest-houses are found every twelve miles or so where a caretaker will catch a chicken for you, sell you eggs and milk, and start up a fire. Once we made a "forced march" of this seventy-eight miles in two days. During the Monsoon, or rainy season, this is the only possible way of getting out of Vengurle, for the steamers do not stop there on account of the high seas from June first until the middle of September.

It seems now, however, that our travelling difficulties are over. A new era is surely dawning. An endowed automobile is to be a part of Vengurle's equipment in future. The two little ponies we kept formerly were utterly unfit for long trips and we really disliked using them at all, because on that coast strip the grass is so poor that

imported horses fail very soon. The people do not use horses at all. My husband would have calls to villages fifteen and twenty miles away, but the ponies could only take him half way, after which a bullock-cart would have to meet him and take him on. As the ponies, during the last two years, went little faster than the bullocks, at three and a half and four miles an hour, an enormous amount of time was wasted.

The plan now is to open dispensaries in a number of distant villages, at each one of which there will be an Indian medical assistant and a preacher or teacher, and where the doctor will also hold one clinic a week. In this way we hope to reach the people much more effectively, and to make it a much easier matter for them to reach us.

The missionaries in Northern India are looking forward to a great mass movement, and Vengurle district *must* be ready to join in this movement. With facilities for travel, Indian Christian families scattered all through the district doing work that can be carefully and constantly supervised, surely we will be giving the people every possible chance to be ready. The work done in the past by evangelists and by the unmarried ladies on tour, as well as the presence of hospital patients in every village and town, has so changed the hostile spirit of the people, that now practically every door is open to us.

(*Mrs. R. H. H.*) *Anne Ewing Goheen.*

[Mrs. Goheen is the daughter of Mrs. J. C. R. Ewing, whose notes from Lahore appear on another page, and is now in this country on furlough.—Editor.]

At the Language School of Nanking University

I have been here in Nanking for a month and feel almost as much at home as I do in New York! I really believe I can understand as much of the conversation I overhear on the streets too, as I understood in some parts of New York! Of course that doesn't say much for my knowledge of Chinese, which is as yet very meagre, but I believe it is coming slowly but surely. It begins to seem like a really reasonable and possible language now, while at first it seemed like gibberish. The second class at the Language School got started a week before I came, so the first two weeks' work had to be done in one, and that made things somewhat confusing and difficult, but now I have caught up with them, the strain is less, and I like the regular hours, from eight-thirty to twelve and from two to four, five days in the week. There are three foreigners giving lectures in the school, and under them a staff of about eighteen Chinese teachers, with a very competent head teacher, Mr. Gia. The whole top floor and one of the lecture-rooms in the new Science Building at the University have been set aside for our use. There is a long open hall down the middle (containing two big stoves, which are our meeting-place between classes) and along each side, a series of little rooms, each with a window, a table and two chairs. To one of these each of us retires with a Chinese teacher for three hours each day. The lecture periods alternate with this private work and each week each student moves up one room, so that we all share alike in good teachers and poorer ones, and have the opportunity to get the varied methods of all. In the middle of each morning we have a fifteen-minute recess, which we appreciate highly, as do any small school children, and I assure you we waste very little time about getting out of doors when the weather is good, and having a hotly contested game of volley ball! As our little cells on the top floor have no heat in them, the exercise is very welcome. There are about thirty-five of us studying there, I think about equally divided between men and women and equally divided between the two classes. Those who started a month ahead of us, proudly call themselves Sophomores. Of course you can see how much more interesting it is

studying in this way than in the old way, and how much more we can accomplish in the same length of time because our hours are invariable and there are no interruptions. All the older workers are quite envious of us. Nine of us are Presbyterians.

I get glimpses too, of the various kinds of work here in Nanking and can occasionally help a little by playing the organ or something of that sort. Last Sunday I went with one of the Bible-women from Miss Dresser's school to help conduct a meeting at one of the street chapels. She knows no English, but I could at least understand the numbers of the hymns, and play what she wanted me to, and she didn't seem to mind if I finished the verse before she did, but sang on for a line or so till she got through, without any accompaniment! It seems hard to teach the grown-ups to sing, but the children do it beautifully, and I never heard tiny tots anywhere sing better than six of Miss Leaman's kindergarten children sang at a baptismal service two weeks ago.

(*Miss*) *Kathrina Van Wagenen.*

[From letter to the New York Board.]

Dining Out at Sarâwan

We were in camp, our tents pitched in a clump of thorn trees about half way between the villages of Kalwan and Sarawan. Our party consisted of Miss Newton, my husband, little Harry and myself. Babu Mahbab, our village preacher, accompanied us on our itinerating tour. At Sarawan Fakir Chand and his wife, Alla Rakhi, who were trained at the village preachers' school at Ferozepur (now at Moga), are doing their best by example and precept to lift up the low caste people (the untouchables), from whose ranks they themselves have come.

One day we received an invitation to take dinner with them. About half-past six, accompanied by Babu Mahbab and several small boys, some of the party carrying lanterns, we started through our thorn-tree grove, picking our way to escape the thorns above, which caught at us from the trees and those below which stuck to us from the prickly grass. Crawling through the wire fence which guards the railway-track on both sides, we crossed the fields to the village. Passing through the tiny courtyard which is enclosed by a mud wall, we entered Fakir Chand's house. Like the rest of the village houses it is made of unburnt bricks plastered with mud, low of roof, windowless and consists of only one room. But all was in festive state, the walls hung with curtains of coarse cloth worked in silk, lent for the occasion, and a few prints. A little table covered with a white cloth was set out for the guests with cups, saucers and tumblers; for ornament a few flowers were laid on. Our lanterns, hung on pegs on the walls, lighted up the little room. Miss Newton, my husband, Harry and I, were seated at the table on chairs, guests of honor. Fakir Chand and his wife bustled about busy with the food preparations. All about the door out into the courtyard, and, as many as dared, along the wall of the room near the door, sat men, women, boys and girls, on the floor, dark, silent forms, their faces looking out from wrappings that had once been white, but were now as dark as the wearers.

Were these also guests? No, they were the spectators, come to see the show, a true "moving picture," English people eating. All the while we ate there they sat watching with eager curiosity all that we did. Plates piled high with steaming rice covered with a delicious concoction of curried chicken cooked with *dal* or pulse, savory with spices and hot with red pepper, were placed in front of us. Spinach of

mustard leaves cooked in clarified butter and fiery hot with red pepper, was also served. Flat cakes of unleavened bread, some of whole wheat flour and some of corn meal, were set on. Bits broken off were to be used as scoops to take up the food, though teaspoons were on hand if needed. This was followed by a sweet dish of native vermicelli cooked with sugar-cane juice and clarified butter. This clarified butter, often kept for an indefinite period, is not always palatable to European taste.

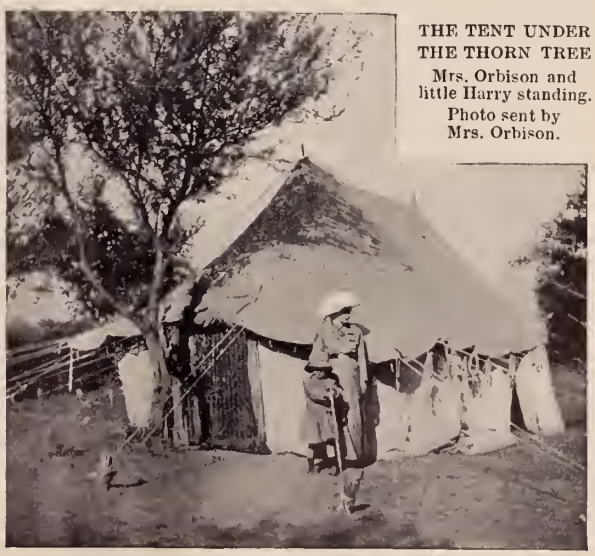
Not until we had finished did our host and his wife partake of the feast, nor serve it to any of the few guests who were permitted to share it. So, to save them embarrassment, we went outside, and took our seats in the courtyard among those gathered there, who now began to sing native hymns. We could not suppress a feeling of uneasiness at the close proximity of the dark forms squatting around and sometimes even pressing against us, especially as we recognized among them a woman whose child lay ill of smallpox! When asked why she had come, she said the child was asleep, therefore she was able to get away!

The singing was kept up for some time. After a particularly rousing tune all would exclaim, "*Yisu Masih ki jai!*" (Victory to Jesus.)

Will not all who read this join them and us in this battle cry, "Victory to Jesus?"

I think those at home will be interested to read an extract translated from the report of one of our Biblewomen, of whom I wrote to WOMAN'S WORK two years ago. She is a fine worker, ready to make the sacrifice of going to the low-caste people.

"The work that I did for a few days seemed to me very difficult. The first day my spirits failed me for some time owing to the behavior of the village people. Indeed Satan put the thought into my heart that I could not do this work, and that I should look for service elsewhere. So I took my difficulty to the Lord and He helped me. The reason for my trouble was that these poor people seemed just like animals, almost without clothes to cover them. They crowded around our conveyance, and making their salaams to Miss Newton, they asked after her father and brother, as she had been there previously. They were so dirty, especially the children, that looking at their noses and eyes my hair stood on end, and I could only say to several of them, 'Wash your faces.' This they proceeded to do, but in such a manner that the water and dirt were left in streaks. They then returned and sat around on the ground. Miss Newton and I sat waiting for the women to come in from the fields. Presently along came a man, very scantily clad, and altogether filthy. An hour went by in this way, we asking after their affairs. Going on a little farther we stopped again and began to speak to the people, when who should we see coming but the people who at first had been almost naked, now wearing shirts and turbans, their hookahs in their hands. Saying, 'Rest a little, the women are coming,' they



THE TENT UNDER THE THORN TREE
Mrs. Orbison and little Harry standing. Photo sent by Mrs. Orbison.

brought out a bed* for us to sit on. So I got out the picture scroll to show them. Just then a woman came along, and Miss Newton, addressing her by name, asked her if she remembered the catechism. She began to laugh and said yes, but did not answer a single question, though the children recited a little. When we said 'repeat after me,' she said nothing, but kept looking towards the side where the men were. It seems she was the wife of the filthy man and feared to speak before him.

"In the evening we went again. The dogs barked at us and we had to avoid the animals tied in the streets. Smoke was pouring out of the houses and I remarked the way Miss Newton went right into the smoke among the women cooking their food, to the house where we were to meet, and we had a fine service.

"At another village the women seemed clean and intelligent. This is the result of the work of the preacher and his wife (Fakir Chand and Alla Rakhi), both of whom are enthusiastic in their work, and have lifted up these people, indeed the whole village, by love and thinking upon these things.

"As we returned from the first meeting at their house I realized that the blessing of God is upon those who seek it and are diligent in His service. This preacher is from among these people (low-caste) and by becoming a Christian has been so transformed that all speak of him with love and respect."

(*Mrs. J. H.*) *Lillie C. Orbison.*

Jullundur.

Unreached Classes in India

One class wholly untouched by mission work is the deaf and dumb. There are many thousands of them; they seem to be increasing in number and are found in all classes. When we think of the abundant provision made for the education of the deaf and dumb in Christian lands, when we remember Helen Keller, blind, deaf and dumb, and think what her life would have been in India, when we remember that there is here no school or home for these unfortunate thousands—how can we but groan in spirit?

Another class almost untouched by missionary effort are the blind. There are in this province alone 105,722 persons who are blind of both eyes. Twenty-one men and twenty-three women are blind to every ten thousand of the total population of each sex.

I know of only two institutions in this province for the blind, one at Rajpur under missionary ladies, and the other at Allahabad under the Charitable Association but superintended by missionaries from its beginning more than fifty years ago.

It is a sad fact that little or nothing has been done for the blind either by government or missionary societies. Thousands of them go from house to house, day after day, begging bread, and probably not two hundred of them know how to read the character for the blind.

Could not the Continuation Committee call on the blind in Christian lands to organize a missionary society to bring light into the hearts and lives of thousands of these poor, wandering blind ones, especially to the little children who are blind?

(*Rev. Dr.*) *J. J. Lucas.*

Allahabad.

Report to the Continuation Committee of the Edinburgh Conference.

Teaching at Lahore

Kennedy Hall is the Christian hostel belonging to Forman Christian College at Lahore. The original building was a gift from Miss Mary L. Kennedy just after her visit to India in 1890, and she later made it possible to add a wing to it. It has been a great boon to the Christian students.

*They have no chairs and sit either on a bed or on the ground.

They have their own chapel in the building for daily prayers, led by one of the missionary professors.

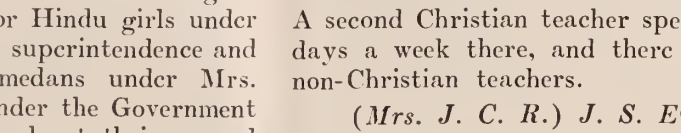
CHRISTIAN YOUNG MEN OF KENNEDY HALL
Dr. J. C. R. Ewing at the back, Mrs. Ewing to his left, Miss MacDonald and Rhea, Jr., are also seen.

Miss MacDonald is making a diligent effort to get the women of the Hira Mandi Church Lahore, to do some regular work, that they may earn enough to free them from work as sweepers. They are learning to stencil curtains, under her direction, to make dainty buttons for fine blouses, to make heavy tape to weave into beds, besides making comforts, mattresses and whatever she can secure orders for. One great object is already gained in bringing the women together for daily Bible lessons.

The schools for non-Christian girls in Lahore, that for Hindu girls under Miss MacDonald's superintendence and that for Mohammedans under Mrs. Ewing, did well under the Government Inspectress of schools at their annual inspection in January. The missionary appointed by the Women's Educational Committee to visit them, reported favorably of their progress as to Bible teaching. A new school has just been started by Mrs. Ewing for the daughters of the employees of the Central Jail, at the earnest request of the Deputy Jailer, a Sikh. There are twenty-eight children on the roll at the end of the first month, and the fees pay the house-rent of the Christian teacher. A second Christian teacher spends two days a week there, and there are no non-Christian teachers.

(*Mrs. J. C. R.*) *J. S. Ewing.*

LAHORE.



کیونکہ خدا نے جہان کو ایسا پیار کیا ہے کہ اُس نے اپنا اکلوتا
بیٹا بخشا تاکہ جو کوئي اُس پر ایمان لاوے ہلاک نہ ہوے بلکہ ہمیشہ
کي زندگي پاوے

TEXTS ON MARBLE SLAB OUTSIDE ALLAHABAD CHURCH
1.—I Tim. 1-15 in Hindi. 2.—John 3-16 in Hindustani.

I HAVE realized more fully this year than ever before the need of a teachers' training-school at Rakha. We need it for both teachers and girls, the latter especially. We are not rightly preparing our girls to meet the needs and demands of our district, though we are constantly sending them out as teachers. As an attempt to improve the situation I have started a normal class for Bible teaching. This class assists Miss Forman with the Sunday-school work, so I have been sufficiently free to start a village Sunday-school. The people are ready to listen, and we are invited into many homes. *M. E. Robinson.*

FATEHGARH.

Joy Days in the Villages

LET no one suppose that because the following days are called "Joy" days, other days are joyless, but these days stand out amongst others on the calendar bright with the joy of the running-over cup.

Joy Day, No. 1, was Sunday the 19th of January. The day was like others of the week, in that the people came in large numbers about our camp.

Notwithstanding all these things destroying the Sabbath peace, the day was peaceful. There was the Sunday-school at nine in the morning, when a delegation, composed of Tatya, a school teacher, and his boys, came over from the town near which we are camping. This young man, a former Sangli school-boy, has been showing his colors. Five of the school-boys have been baptized. From the first they have taken a stand on Sabbath observance. This means the loss of one day's wages; it means persecution, too. However, just at present the persecution has died down and Sunday afternoon, to our great surprise when the boys came up the road to service, with them came a goodly company of men, women and children. The women and some of the children joined in the singing of the hymns, all gave in the collection, and listened most earnestly to the Gospel message.

Joy Day, No. 2. Two days later in the early morning hours we started on cart-paths through the fields for Milk Village, about seven miles away. Another school teacher, Duyano, also a former Sangli boy, is doing his part in this village. Long before Christmas we had an invitation to visit Milk Village, but the river was flooded and no tonga-driver would take us across. We did not get to the village, so the village, or rather a good-sized delegation from the village, came to us. They informed us of the big native meal that had been made ready for us, of the chairs hired for the occasion, of the people's disappointment. So we planned to go as soon as possible, but again they grew tired of waiting, and suddenly one evening this young school teacher and his flock appeared at our door, having walked the nine miles. The youngest, a boy of six, looked rather weary, but happy.

And now at last we were on the way to their village and they knew we were coming. There was a royal reception in the school. The three *Missy Sahibs* sat on chairs behind the teacher's desk. There was no light but that which came through the doorway. The people crowded in and packed up close, seated on the floor. We could not see their faces, so it was agreed that we sit outside on the school-steps while the crowd sat or stood around us. After a rousing hymn by the boys, the teacher instead of asking us to inspect the school, simply said, "Preach." About a hundred listened intently, drinking in every word.

The people had tea, milk, sugar and bananas ready for us. Then we gathered again in the dark school-room, the people crowding in tight. There the invitation was given, and in the semi-darkness we could see hands raised all about the room. Eight names were given for baptism, and we could feel that others were about ready to take the step. There was more preaching and instruction and then we had to come away. In truly Oriental style many followed us out of the town.

The village people are more friendly than they have been in years. More high-caste homes are open, more *purdah* women are able to hear, more hearts are open to the Word. This is the time of harvest, both materially and spiritually. There is no uncertain sound in the way the people hurry by on their way to the fields in the early morning. The work must be now or they lose all. Let *us* work and let us pray, *now!*

(*Miss*) *Mabel I. Skilton.*

SANGLI.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

INDIA

Mrs. John L. Goheen, née Jane Corbett, writes from Sangli: It was at first a great grief that I could not have gone to China, for I have seen so very little of father all my life, and there are two brothers and two sisters there. It did not take many weeks, however, to bring me to the place where I was glad and proud to be here where the work is so hard and the outward success so small. Moreover, my husband was born in Kolhapur, where his parents lived for thirty years, and he has come into a beautiful heritage which I would not have had him miss for all the world. So we are happy to be in India and in Sangli, where an Industrial High School is the main work. My work is the charge of the boarding department, the clothes of the boys, their manners and morals, etc. My present despair, but future hope, is the sewing class. There is a great demand for good tailors (though that is a big word for them), both among foreigners and Indians, and this class ought to be a very successful one. The boys do make their own coats and shirts in a sort of a way; luckily, they don't wear trousers; and many of them can hemstitch beautifully, but are not much good in any other way. Oh! how I wish I had taken a course in dressmaking. I can make almost anything from a pattern, but to draft a pattern is beyond me as yet. I can only see to it that the boys learn to make underwear and children's clothes well. Having a baby of my own has made it a very easy thing to make friends with the mothers. I am never out walking with little Jack, or driving in the bazaar, that women do not gather about us and ask questions and tell about their children, and, presto! we are fast friends.

PERSIA

Mrs. J. A. Funk writes from Hamadan: We had thought to close the hospital during Conference and annual meeting, but battles near Hamadan had filled up the place, so have had to keep up the work and now more patients are coming in. Did I tell you of one man who would not stay and was scared almost to death when he saw the patients in their beds, thinking they were already in their winding-sheets because they were going to die? He went away, but later returned and when he was cured he was not ready to go at all, for he found it was not such a bad place to be.

We have found out from one of our patients why it is Persians are so afraid of a hospital. He was telling how he fought against coming here because in Persian hospitals, and he said also in the Russian, when they get a hard or hopeless case they just give them something to put them out of the way. We had one poor boy who was very bad, and he took a notion he wanted to go to some of his relations; this same man begged me, saying, "Don't let him go, I am a Persian and I know what I am talking about; they would not take trouble for him, and would only give him something to kill him." So he did not go, until God took him.

We have had them from all parts of Persia, and all have heard of the love of Christ. We have a converted Kurd who has been able to reach the Kurdish patients in their own tongue. Then we have an earnest young Armenian who is sowing the seed among the patients, and my husband this last week had the pleasure of hearing one of the gendarmes say he had found nothing in Islam for him and wanted to become a Christian. Another young man from the army was with him when he made this statement, and while he did not say just where he stood, he is not far from the kingdom. One day he told the doctor he had read and he thought he knew a great deal, but he found out he knew nothing until he came to the hospital. My husband told them they both had much to learn as to what it means to be a Christian. It is often very hard to care for them, for they are so filthy and careless, but if only one turns to Christ, it is worth all the trouble. Conditions could not be much worse, so I suppose the sooner the Russians come in and settle matters the better it will be. All is peace and quiet around Hamadan, and we are all well, and ready for work.

CHINA

Mrs. Maud R. Jones writes from Nanking: Tung Dzing, our field at present, has a very interesting history: Years ago Mrs. Leaman, in heaven now more than two years, had a cook by the name of Gung. He became a Christian and returning to his village let his light so shine that all the family became Christians. There are four generations now. This family makes up a village by itself; "Gung Dja Tswen" (Gung family village). This is forty-five minutes fast walking from our house-boat; beyond two more miles is the market town of Tung Dzing, where the chapel is. Very little has been done to reach the people in Tung Dzing and the present trip was arranged for the express purpose of giving the Gung women a couple of weeks of study. But when I saw the crowds in the market town I felt that something had to be done for them, too. So I am trying making the trip to the town in the morning, leaving one or both the women to teach in the Gung family, and returning to dinner at noon to the Gung village, then teaching until about four p. m. The days are so short that we dare not stay long. This morning I went alone to the chapel and there were so many people that I could not begin to reach them all. The half of the room is open on the market street and it was impossible to keep the people seated for any kind of a regular service. I could do no more than talk at them as they tarried for a time with their baskets. Some stayed quite a long time and listened very attentively. I gave out all the literature I had with me before I realized what had happened, and wished for ever so many times as much more.

With Presbyterian Young People

WESTMINSTER GUILD ITEMS FROM PHILADELPHIA

A visit from the synodical W. G. secretary convinced the members of a "so-called" Chapter that two dollars a year for the name was not the fulfillment of their missionary indebtedness. A pledge of twenty-five shares and more to follow was the result of this personal visit.

The Patronesses of the Constance Emerson Chapter of Erie, Pa., have furnished and presented to the Chapter a room in the parish house. On the walls are four original charts, the admiration of the synodical secretary on her recent visit. On all formal occasions the members wear a blue ribbon badge bearing the initials of their chapter and the Guild.

A college graduate, finding that something unusual was required to attract the members of her social set, organized a Greek Letter Chapter of W. G. The initiation ceremony and special ritual have been used to inspire genuine interest in missions.

The Prospect Chapter of Trenton, N. J., distributes each year mite-boxes for a sacrifice offering during Holy Week. This year it will go toward the "China Building." "One bit of news," writes the secretary: "We had a supper in the fall to which we invited sixty girls of our church and Sunday-school; we have now a new chapter as a result."

The sixth annual conference of Church workers in State Universities was held in February, at Lawrence, Kansas. Seventy-four delegates from all parts of the United States, representing eight different denominations, and the student departments of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., came together to discuss co-operation for efficiency in the work among students in State colleges and universities. Through its Board of Education the Presbyterian Church is now actively working in twenty-four state colleges and universities in which there are fully 17,000 students from Presbyterian homes. The responsibility of the secretary for student work of the Women's Mission Boards is to co-operate in this great field by bringing the missionary enterprise of the Presbyterian Church to the attention of as many of these students as can be reached each year in the summer conferences and by college visitation. During February she visited Lake Forest University and Ferry Hall in Illinois; Iowa State College; Iowa University and Coe College; University of Kansas, and Northfield Seminary, besides conducting two classes at Vassar College, where in a class of more than thirty, girls from the territory of five of the six Women's Boards are enrolled.

At the second triennial meeting of the Westminster Guild Council, referred to in March, all but one of the seven boards in this movement were represented by delegates, North Pacific being represented by letter. Miss Rumsey, of the Board of the Northwest, who has served as Chairman during this first term of three years, presided over the deliberations until towards the close of the last session, when the newly-elected Chairman, Miss Mary E. Allis of Philadelphia took the chair.

One more synodical society in the territory of the Board of the Northwest is rejoicing in a Westminster Guild Secretary, Nebraska having just appointed Miss Edith N. Case, 1923 Wirt Street, Omaha, to serve in that capacity. It is hoped that before another month has passed Iowa will have found the right young woman to fill the place of Miss Turner, who has resigned, for that will mean a Westminster Guild Secretary in each synodical society belonging to the Board of the Northwest.

HOME DEPARTMENT

PUBLICITY—WHY?

STATESMEN say, "To insure honest administration."

Politicians say, "It's the craze. We must go along!"

Reformers say, "It influences public opinion."

Philanthropists say, "We need it to get money."

Business says, "Without it, failure."

Society, with a large S., would be dull without it.

The *Church* says, "It is sensational." Why?

Has the Church been right in putting its light under a bushel, in hiding its message, either modestly or thoughtlessly, and in no way using the means for success recognized by earnest workers along all other lines? The publicity which has come to the Church too often has been of the freak order, alas! It has been the abnormal which has appeared in the head-lines. "Let your light *so* shine before men that they may see your good works and *glorify* your Father which is in Heaven." Everything which has to do with the "King's business" should be done "decently and in order"; in no department is this more necessary than in utilizing the public press.

Great credit should be given to the religious news reporters during Lent, who for the most part try to gather the best from the daily sermons, but the reportorial ear is trained for the catchy idea or phrase which looms large, often to the surprise of the preacher.

Should not the Church let its light *so* shine that the *glory* of the Father in Heaven would be the manifest object? Could there not be consecrated, spiritually minded men and women connected with the press through the recommendation of the Church, whose minds and methods are up to date, whose duty it should be to publish the glad tidings judiciously, reverently and with twentieth-century brevity?

Coming from the general to the particular, I know a church working along at least fifteen lines of usefulness, perhaps more, but I venture to say not more than six people know of these activities unless connected with one or the other of them. Nothing is ever told about them beyond a notice now and then on a Sunday, a special plea, perhaps. The support comes from annual subscriptions, and splendid work is being done, but the congregation as a whole does not know of it. Would it not be stimulating to have a church bulletin with all these agencies noted in standing type, and from week to week to publish items of their doings?

This would mean a committee of one or more—a Publicity Committee which shall undertake this duty in the love of God and in the *fear* of man, for in these days it is no easy thing to fix the attention of him who runneth and compel him to read. Sentences must be telephonic; words must be telegraphic; thoughts must be telepathic.

In this age, everlasting keeping-at-it seems to bear fruit, and so in the missionary lines of effort, especially the magazines. Literature secretaries might form an "Associated Press" and devise pithy, arresting sentences, and have them appear simultaneously throughout our Presbyterian organizations and churches; by-and-by the constituents would "take notice" and eventually the subscriptions would follow, *provided* the publication is not tiresome. It must "speak for itself," like John Alden, if it would prevail. Publicity requires another thing—liberality in expenditure. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." Hundreds of thousands of dollars go in newspaper advertising or free samples or cut rates to build up a business; to be sure, the consumer pays for it eventually, but the business man "arrives." Now why should not the Church, or a church or missionary society, do such things —"make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness" or use worldly methods? Because, as the politicians say, Publicity is the craze. Business says, Without it, failure, and we must prove *ourselves* "workmen needing not to be ashamed." Reformers say, "It influences public opinion." Proclaim it from the housetops! Philanthropists use it to get money. The silver and the gold are His, and the Church needs it, too. Statesmen say, "For honest administration," and the Church should accept and use this lawful, approved and powerful method without "sensationalism."

Practical application: appoint Publicity Committees in every missionary center whose duty shall be to keep the public up to date in missionary and other church news, to tell the public of the great meetings before and after, and of the comings and goings of noted missionaries, because they are great and important people. In a word, to keep an arc light burning bright and clear on the developments in the Kingdom of our Lord.

D. A. S.

JULY 10-17 are the dates for the next session of the Northfield Summer School for Women's Foreign Missionary Societies. The United Study book, *The King's Business,* is by Mrs. Paul Raymond, and the Junior book, *Suggestions for Junior Missionary Leaders and Primary Class Teachers,* by the Misses Applegarth and Prescott. Mrs. Helen B. Montgomery is expected to give the lectures each morning as usual. Miss Peacock will lead the Normal Study Class. We urge upon all missionary societies and young women's circles to send large delegations to Northfield. Plans are being made to make this week one of special interest and inspiration.

THE CHINA CAMPAIGN IN NEW YORK

WHILE results may not be fully formulated now—perhaps they never can be—yet there can be no doubt of the success of the China Campaign as it was carried through in New York. The opening devotional service, conducted by Mrs. Theodore Weston, brought together a body of earnest women whose effectual, fervent prayer had much to do with the spirit of the gatherings which followed. In many homes smaller and more intimate groups gathered in advance of the larger meetings, so that all hearts were in tune for the four days of special services and addresses. On Friday the meetings were in the Central and Greenwich churches; on Sunday at Faith, Beck Memorial and the Y. W. C. A., and on Monday at West Park and Northminster. The men and women who struck telling blows for China were Rev. Drs. Speer, Brown, Rodgers, Williams, Hayes and Merle-Smith; Messrs. Bible, Yerkes, Hunter, Garritt and Cochran; Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Roys, Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Knox, the Misses Hawes, Brown and Webster, Drs. Mary Fulton and Angenette Parry. Nearly five hundred women sat down to luncheon at the Hotel Astor and none went away without new views of what our mission work is and what it should be in China. All the speakers on that occasion were women, Mrs. Knox and Miss Webster told of what they had seen in visiting the missionaries in their homes and at their work; Mrs. Dwight Potter and Dr. Fulton emphasized the appeal for strong, earnest, intelligent young people to offer themselves for the work; Mrs. Roys summarized with brief comprehensiveness the new conditions and the enlarged opportunity; Mrs. Williams told charmingly personal incidents giving the spirit of the worker, and Miss Charlotte Hawes with her naïve simplicity and spontaneous humor and tenderness moved both to laughter and to tears.

NEW UNITED STUDY BOOK

THE COMMITTEE announces that the thirteenth of this series will appear in May. The author is one of our valuable Presbyterian home workers, Mrs. Paul Raymond of Colorado. As the title indicates, the primary object is to illuminate the questions connected with the home end of the foreign mission work. The chapters are on: *The King's Business; Campaigning for the King; Resources of the King's Forces; Drilling the King's Army, etc.* Methods of various kinds as used in various countries will be suggested, fifty new and original programmes prepared by experts will be given, there will be informing charts and tables, the work of the boards and of individuals will be made clear, and there will be much that is stimulating not only to that "efficiency" which is now so much in demand both in business and religion, but also to the strengthening of the bond that unites all the members of the great body of United Students.

AN EXAMPLE OF FAITHFULNESS

LACKAWANNA Presbyterial Society mourns the death of its splendid literature secretary, Miss Charlotte Welles. Her fellow-workers recall her power for accomplishment and her charm of personality with a deep sense of loss. She has left behind her a record of fourteen years of steady development in the spread of missionary literature. Her unusual force of character is shown in her last act of devotion. Knowing for some weeks that there was no hope for her recovery, she sent for a relative, instructed her in the work and arranged that she should supervise and speak for literature at the approaching presbyterial meeting. Thus she made sure that there should be no loss for the work between the time of her departure and the appointment of a successor. The Board feels a keen appreciation of the secretary who felt that death itself did not stand between her and the duty which she had undertaken. *Margaret Boyle,*
Secretary of Literature Philadelphia Board.

AT CHAUTAUQUA

THE Presbyterian Association has the finest Headquarters on the grounds, including a Home for the free occupancy of the home and foreign missionaries of the Presbyterian Church of the U. S. A. The season opens June 26. Applicants for rooms should early write to Mrs. J. N. Berry, Titusville, Pa., stating their services as missionaries of our Church, for what time they would like accommodations, and forwarding a certificate of the Secretary of the Board under which they are working.

CHANGES IN THE MISSIONARY FORCE

ARRIVALS:

At San Francisco, Feb.—Rev. Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Garritt of Nanking, China. Address 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

At San Francisco, Feb. 13.—Miss Evelyn Maguet of Osaka, Japan. Address, Casa Verdugo, Cal.

At New York, Feb. 21.—Rev. H. W. Luce of Wei-hsien, China.

RESIGNATIONS:

Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Swart of the Siam Mission. Appointed, 1898.

Mr. E. G. Freyer, business manager of the Syria Mission. Appointed, 1897.

DEATH:

At Shanghai, China, Feb. 22.—Mrs. J. M. W. Farnham of heart disease. Appointed, 1859.

WILL not my friends in America send me some of their left-over Sunday-school lesson cards? I want to use them in schools, hospitals and for distribution everywhere. I cover the lettering with Scripture texts in Japanese pasted on the back. The picture is always received with delight and the text on the reverse side has the force of a direct personal message. I ask only for clean, fresh cards, not soiled ones. I have just gotten twenty thousand text slips from the Bible Society and would like to use them all this year. A tobacco factory just beside me has five thousand women and girls; the poorhouse visited to-day, a thousand inmates; the children's poorhouse, five hundred; the Lepers' Home, four hundred. You need not be afraid of sending too many cards. Address Mrs. J. K. McCauley, 102 Tsunohazu, Tokyo, Japan.

IN an educational journal published in Baltimore, there appeared a rather severe criticism on the dramatic side of *The World in Baltimore*. The author comments on the little scenes from native life called "demonstrations" as if they were the careful results of the long training of the professional actor assisted by all the scenic resources of the modern stage. In one place she compares them, naturally with depreciation, to the results achieved at Oberammergau by a decade of prayerful rehearsal of persons whose minds are saturated with the traditions of generations. But she seems to miss the essential object of these performances, which was not primarily to interest in costume, scenic and dramatic effects, or even to cultivate an appreciation of what is most artistic in those lines, but simply to illuminate the great theme which underlies the whole exhibition. One proof that the result desired was accomplished may be found in the fact that at the Pratt Library, ever since the Exposition, there has been a constant demand for a great number of books not previously in request.

THERE seems to be an impression abroad that the special reward which *Over Sea and Land* is offering to the children for securing new subscribers is to relieve secretaries of literature from responsibility concerning the matter. This offer of the Blue Ribbon of Honor and mention in the magazine for the children was designed as a *help* only to secretaries. Do not relax your own personal good effort for one minute, but enlist the help of the young people to give the entertainment "The Twelve Light Bearers," published in last September's *Over Sea and Land*. Send to the editor (Room 1113, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City) for particulars showing how from fifty to one hundred subscriptions can be taken in one afternoon or evening. Then get to work at once—that is our spring work, either to give this entertainment to get new subscribers or to persuade the Sunday-school superintendent to subscribe in bulk for every child under thirteen.

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS

From Philadelphia

Send all letters to 501 Witherspoon Building. Directors' meeting first Tuesday of each month at 10:30. Prayer-meeting, third Tuesday at 11. Visitors welcome at both meetings.

PRAYER-MEETING, April 15. TOPICS: *Our Missionary Candidates, India.*

FOUR new directors were cordially elected at the February Board meeting: Mrs. A. M. Barnes, Mrs. H. B. McCrone, Mrs. John T. Palmer and Mrs. Richard M. Pierce. Mrs. Frank Leake was appointed India Secretary for the North and Western India Missions.

THE loss of our beloved vice-president, Mrs. B. B. Comegys, Jr., by death on Feb. 18th, in the midst of abounding life and usefulness, is beyond telling. For sixteen years Mrs. Comegys has filled the double office of Director on our Board and President of the Presbyterial Society of Philadelphia. By her facile pen, her peculiarly sweet voice and unfailing cheer, her indefatigable labor in her presbytery, and as a Bible and mission study teacher and a consecrated Christian woman, she has done a work which it is given few ever to do, and always in the spirit of pure devotion to the Master.

THE return of our Dr. Mary Fulton, of Canton, after more than eight years, is an event. To the February prayer-meeting she came with heart on fire with love for China,

first always the missionary, then the physician. Miss Doriss brought Korea, her trials, victories and needs, before us. Mrs. Robert Labaree and other missionaries were present, and later Dr. Carothers, from Soochow, made us a call. Among our visitors, each bringing a distinctive message, were Mrs. Dwight E. Potter, Field Secretary Miss Rumsey, of the Northwest Board, Rev. and Mrs. Theodore Wynkoop, from long service in India as missionaries of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and Mrs. John A. Aird, a mission worker of high degree from Glasgow, Scotland. We can give no idea of the cheer and stimulus which such as these bring.

The China Study Campaign is being carried on with enthusiasm. One hundred and sixteen new classes have been organized since the first of January, and many churches are carrying out the "Ten Suggestions:" six classes in a church, together with sermons and illustrated lectures on China.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Meeting in connection with the General Assembly will be held in Atlanta, Ga., May 19. Mrs. W. B. Jennings has been appointed chairman of Programme Committee.

The second series of *China Publication Items* for use in auxiliary meetings is now ready. Send to 501 for them.

One hundred new pictures have been added to our circulating loan library.

Leaflets for the Month: *Historical Sketch* (Revised), 15 cents; *Schools and Colleges* (Revised), 5 cents; *Religious of India,* 5 cents; *Hospitals in India, Wonder Stories,* each 3 cents; 75th Anniversary Series; *You or I, Two Weddings,* each 2 cents.

New Leaflets: *An Evangelistic Automobile in Japan,* 1 cent, 10 cents per doz.; *Singing Girls' Classmate; Taibai and Her Two Sons; Education of Chinese Women,* each 3 cents, 30 cents per doz. Revised List of Literature for *China's New Day,* new catalogue.

From Chicago

Meetings at Room 48, 509 South Wabash Avenue, every Friday at 10 A. M. Visitors welcome. Address this office for all missionary literature.

The Annual Meeting of The Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest will be held in Sioux City, Iowa, April 15-17. Hospitality will be extended by the Presbyterian Union of Sioux City. Extensive preparations are in progress, and the sessions are expected to be of unusual interest. The meeting opens on Tuesday evening with an address by one of the secretaries of the Assembly's Board of Foreign Missions. Your delegates should be appointed at the next meeting of your society. The meeting is always an inspiration and your delegate is sure to bring back a vivid report. Each synodical, presbyterial and local society is entitled to a delegate.

The parting with Mr. and Mrs. Bandy, whose presence had been so helpful during several Friday mornings, might have made the last one a gloomy hour, but their words were so full of joy that grief was made but a background. Their few weeks' stay in Chicago was a blessing to many and won for Fatehgarh according to their faith, prayers, men and money.

The same hour brought Rev. Herbert Blair from Kangkai, after hearing whom that most inaccessible of Korea's stations can never more be an unfamiliar corner. As one of his Fairfield parishioners had just written of his "fine talks" before that church, whose foreign pastor he is: "He is so bright and genial, and such a master-hand at making word pictures."

The Summer School of Missions, held under the auspices of the Interdenominational Committee of the Central West for Missions, will hold its ninth annual session at Winona Lake, Indiana, June 19 to 27. Plans are now being made for a very attractive programme. *The New America,* written by Mrs. L. C. Barnes, treating of the great problems and possibilities of immigration, is the title of the new study-book for home missions. The book for foreign missions—*The King's Business*—treats of increased efficiency for woman's missionary societies. Lectures will be given on both these books by well-known missionary experts. There will be the daily morning call to prayer, classes in methods, helpful conferences, and the hours with missionaries. Women who are interested in the cause of missions should make their plans now to attend this helpful conference. Missionary societies are urged to send representatives, who would prepare themselves to be leaders of mission study classes. The cause of missions would be advanced by a large attendance of our women. For further information, address Mrs. C. W. Peterson, Chairman of Publicity Committee, 2449 Prairie Ave., Chicago.

Leaflets: *An Evangelistic Automobile in Japan,* 1 ct.; *Evangelization in Japan,* 2 cts.; *Bible Work in the Philippines,* free; *Education of Chinese Women,* 3 cts.; *The Man Who Went to China to be Converted,* 1 ct.; *Awakening; India of To-day; The Woman Who Came at Night; A Little Captive Maid; A Hindu Gypsy; Mary Warren* (of India), each, 2 cts. Send for our China Campaign Literature. Free.

From New York

Prayer-meeting at 156 Fifth Ave., cor. 20th St., the first Wednesday of each month, at 10.30 A. M. Each other Wednesday there is a half-hour meeting for prayer and reading of missionary letters, commencing at same hour.

The Forty-third Annual Meeting of the Board will be held in the Third Church, Rochester, on Wednesday and Thursday, April 22 and 23. On Tuesday evening the delegates will meet to register, and to get in touch with one another. Dr. Robert E. Speer will speak on Wednesday evening. The young people's leaders will hold conferences, and a feast of good things is being prepared.

Mrs. J. H. Finley presided at the general meeting and introduced as first speaker Miss Florence Smith, of Chile, who told a number of surprising things about that almost unknown land. Mrs. Heber Jones, of Korea, spoke of the changed conditions with regard to the women of that land—the greater freedom they enjoy. The schools for girls have

brought about a wonderful transformation in the lives of the people. The girls are proving their right to be taught by taking high rank in their studies. The secret of the great ingathering to the churches is that admission is withheld until the applicant has won another soul to Christ. One great drawback to the advancement of the work is the lack of churches large enough and many enough to hold those desirous of attending the religious services. It was mentioned that sixteen wedding-rings were given by Korean women—their most precious treasure—to help furnish a church.

Dr. A. J. Brown gave a masterly address on the Korean question which is not yet settled. Miss Hubbard announced that all the money asked for by Dr. Mary P. Eddy for her tuberculosis patients had been given.

The American School for Girls at Beirut, of which Miss E. A. Thomson is the principal, was visited by a delegation representing the Alumnæ, who presented a gift of over five thousand *piasters* (about $200) as a Jubilee offering toward the new building. Was not that a delightful beginning for the new year?

New missionary societies have been organized at Cohocton and Amityville, Westchester Presbytery.

New Leaflets: New Leaflets on India are, *Taibai and Her Two Sons*, 3 cts., and *Mary Warren of Gwalior*, by Rev. Henry Forman, D.D., 2 cts. On China, *The Education of Chinese Women*, and *Singing Child's Classmate*, the latter by Miss Grace Newton of Paotingfu, each 3 cts. On India: *The Woman Who Came at Night; The Mission Station, a Social Settlement; Ganish, the Leper; Satabai;* each 2 cts.; *Religions of India*, 5 cts.

From St. Louis

Meetings first and third Tuesdays of each month at 10 A.M., Room 708, 816 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo. Missionary literature for sale at above number. Visitors always cordially welcome.

The work of the study class continues to grow, and the call has gone forth for more leaders. From the large number of classes now at work we expect this call to be answered.

The Extension Department Secretary is ever alive to the needs of her work and writes to the secretaries in her department: "An Extension Department is a helpful part of missionary work in the W. M. S., because it is far-reaching and has great possibilities. Not only are the women who are not members of the local society interested, but it is hoped that the younger generations will also be led through a knowledge of missionary literature to realize their responsibility in the great work of missions.

"Local societies having no Extension Department are not progressive. Just as the university or college depends upon its preparatory or training school for future students, so should each missionary society have an Extension Department for the young girls in the church, who are not members of any missionary organization, so that *future* intelligent work will be assured."

The sessions of the Biennial Meeting of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions of the Southwest will be held in the First Presbyterian Church, Topeka, Kan., April 22-24. Delegates should send their names by April 8, to the Secretary of Committee on Arrangements, Miss Grace Whiting, 720 Harrison Street, Topeka.

Emporia Presbyterial Society meets April 14-16 at Halstead.

From San Francisco

920 Sacramento St. Public meeting first Monday of each month at 10.30 and 1.30. Executive meeting every third Monday. Prayer-meeting first and third Monday, from 12 till 12.30.

The Fortieth Anniversary of the Occidental Board will be celebrated April 16, 17 and 18, at its own headquarters at 920 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.

On the 16th delegates will be received from two to four P. M. In the evening the young people, including the Student Volunteers, Westminster Guild and Christian Endeavorers, will be present at a banquet and Conference. An occasion of unusual interest is anticipated. A full programme is arranged for Thursday and Friday.

At our public meeting in February, instead of the usual exercises, balopticon views of beautiful Japan, and of the Philippines, with a fine lecture by Mr. McLoughlin, were given, and followed by a talk on "China as it is To-day."

In the afternoon Dr. Silas Johnson, from Kamerun, Africa, held the audience spellbound with a relation of the work which has been done among the negroes there. The story of the thousands of Christians who now crowd the churches and support them from their penury seems like a miracle; as the natives knew nothing of civilization, had not even seen any clothes, and knew nothing of doors or windows in their huts, or how to treat the sick, to educate carpenters, tailors and nurses is a part of the Christian instruction.

A balopticon is one of the new attractions at 920 Sacramento Street. It enables us to reproduce on an aluminum sheet any picture, postal, or kodak view without the expense of lantern slides. A stereopticon has been purchased and popular evening meetings are being planned. The Occidental Board's share of the cost is fifty dollars.

The *Peabody House of Rest*, located in Pasadena, is open to missionaries who are on furlough, and the wish is expressed that they would avail themselves of the opportunity of spending a few months there.

Leaflets: *Ziegenbalg (A Hero)*, 2 cts.; *Boarding School for Boys*, 2 cts.; *Clara A. Swain, M.D.*, 2 cts.; *For Love's Sake*, 1 ct.; *Historical Sketch*, 10 cts.; *Home Life in India*, 2 cts.; *Hospitals*, 2 cts.; *Miss Thoburn*, 2 cts.; *My Own Story*, 2 cts.; *Questions and Answers*, 5 cts.; *Satabai*, 2 cts.; *Schools and Colleges*, 4 cts.; *Sketch of Mrs. Roy C. Smith; The India of To-day*, 2 cts.; *The Man with the Wonderful Book*, 2 cts.; *William Carey*, 2 cts.; *Woman's Rights in India*, 2 cts.; *Wonder Stories from India*, 2 cts.

From Portland, Oregon

Executive meeting at 10 A. M. on first Tuesday each month and popular meeting on third Tuesday at 2:30 P. M. in First Church. Literature obtained from Miss Abby S. Lamberson, 454 Alder St., Portland.

To BEGIN with, we ask you to remember that the annual meeting of our Board occurs April 23-24-25, in the First Presbyterian Church, Portland, Ore. It is a silver anniversary celebration. There will be missionary speakers, workers' conferences, a Hall of Methods, etc. Each organization is urged to send the two delegates to which it is entitled and a good representation besides. Please send early the names for entertainment to Mrs. Horace S. Butterfield, 811 Kearney Street, Portland.

WE ask all of our constituency to be praying for our meeting, and for our programme committee, that everything shall be planned for the best upbuilding of our work.

WE had a most interesting "third Tuesday" meeting in February. Dr. Clementine Bash had come down from Seattle to meet us before starting to her field in March. She goes out under our Board as the missionary substitute of Westminster Church, Seattle, fresh from her medical preparation, to assist Dr. Leonard in her great work in Duow Hospital. Peking. As she told us how the call to go came to her, and we looked into her fair young face, full of earnest purpose, we prayed God to guide her in all her ways. It is a happy thing that this year, when we are celebrating our silver anniversary by raising a special fund to build a ward in the new Duow Hospital, this strong helper is to be added to the force there. We want to say to each of our beloved missionaries who may read these notes that you are a blessing to us here on the home field, and that your lives, physical and spiritual, may be strong, and that you may be blessed and be a blessing is our constant prayer.

MRS. PEABODY, chairman of Central Committee on United Study and planner of the Jubilee, was in our city in February and addressed an interdenominational assembly of women. It was a pleasure to meet her face to face.

WE wish to call attention to a new dialogue by Katherine Young Thaxter, published by our Board, *Tired of Missions.* The girls of a class decide that they are tired of missions. By getting a peep behind the scenes on several mission fields, they become convinced that the work abroad suffers when the friends at home get tired helping. The dialogue brings this out in a very telling manner. The price is 5 cents. A fine book to be had from the depository is *Livingstone, the Path Finder.* Miss Lamberson is searching for every choice book bearing upon missions to have in supply for the Board meeting.

RECEIPTS TO FEBRUARY 15, 1913

By totals from Presbyterial Societies.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church

BALTIMORE,	$567.95	ERIE,	$1,483 68
CARLISLE,	1,067 37	FRENCH BROAD	81.70
CHATTANOOGA,	141.85	GRAFTON,	272.55
CHESTER,	3.00	HUNTINODON,	1,184.73
CHILLICOTHE,	146 19	LIMA,	336.22
CINCINNATI,	13.70	MCMINNVILLE,	18.50
CLARION,	3.11	NEW BRUNSWICK,	25.00
DAYTON,	889.00	PHILADELPHIA,	25.00
ELIZABETH,	722.31	PHILADELPHIA, N.,	13.00
PITTSBURGH,	$213.00	ZANESVILLE,	$8.20
ST. CLAIRSVILLE,	342.20	Miscellaneous,	1,202.32

Receipts from Jan. 15th to Feb. 15th (including New China Fund, $947.05), $8,760.58
Total since March 15th, 103,189 96
Special Gifts to Missionaries, 66.50
Korea Relief Fund, 15.00

(MISS) SARAH W. CATTELL, *Treas.*,
501 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.

Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest

ADAMS,	$34.00	GRAND RAPIDS,	$56.00
BISMARCK,	20.46	GREAT FALLS,	125.00
BLACK HILL,	98.00	GUNNISON,	44.00
BUTTE,	72.00	HELENA,	14.00
CAIRO,	74.00	INDIANAPOLIS,	4.00
CHEYENNE,	12.00	IOWA CITY.	4.00
CHICAGO,	6,126.89	KALAMAZOO,	1.00
DETROIT,	1,033.00	LA CROSSE,	15.00
DUBUQUE.	30.00	LAKE SUPERIOR,	183.00
DULUTH,	57.00	MADISON.	377.20
FARGO,	95.10	MANKATO,	43.00
FLINT,	21.00	MINNEAPOLIS,	672.13
FREEPORT,	364.65	MOUSE RIVER,	3 20
NEBRASKA CITY,	$3.00	ST. PAUL,	$129.63
OTTAWA,	244.00	SIOUX FALLS,	173.00
PEMBINA,	155.00	WAUKON,	10.00
PUEBLO,	153.75	WINNEBAGO	196.00
ROCK RIVER,	7.50	Colorado Synodical,	1.87
RUSHVILLE,	104.25	Michigan Synodical,	11.50
SAGINAW,	250.65	Miscellaneous,	2 532 45
ST. CLOUD,	109.00		

Total for month. $13.661.23
Total from March 15th, 94,744.89

MRS. THOS. E. D. BRADLEY, *Treas.*,
Room 48, 509 South Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church

ALBANY.	$461.00	LOUISVILLE,	$582.00
BINGHAMTON,	44.00	LYONS,	118.50
BOSTON,	45.00	MORRIS & ORANGE,	765.00
BROOKLYN,	284 00	NEW YORK.	8,140.40
BUFFALO,	1,134.25	NEWARK,	10.00
CAYUGA,	238.50	NIAGARA.	475.55
CHAMPLAIN,	68.00	NORTH RIVER,	159.05
GENEVA,	174.00	PORTO RICO	5.00
HUDSON,	112.00	ROCHESTER,	1,109.90
ST. LAWRENCE,	$261.25	WESTCHESTER,	$361.50
TROY,	379.00	Legacies,	7,475.00
UTICA,	1,363.45	Miscellaneous,	200.50

Receipts from Jan. 15th to Feb. 15th. $23,966.85
Total since March 15th. (including New China Fund, $13,154.00), $103.537,57

(MISS) HENRIETTA W. HUBBARD, *Treas.*,
Room 818, 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

Woman's Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions of the Southwest

ARDMORE,	$9.00	SANTA FE,	$7.75
CHOCTAW,	5.52	Miscellaneous,	26.25
FT. WORTH,	40.00		
MCALESTER,	21.50		

Total for month, $110 02
Total to date, 18,404.70

MRS. WM. BURG, *Treas.*.
708 Odd Fellows Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

DATE DUE

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